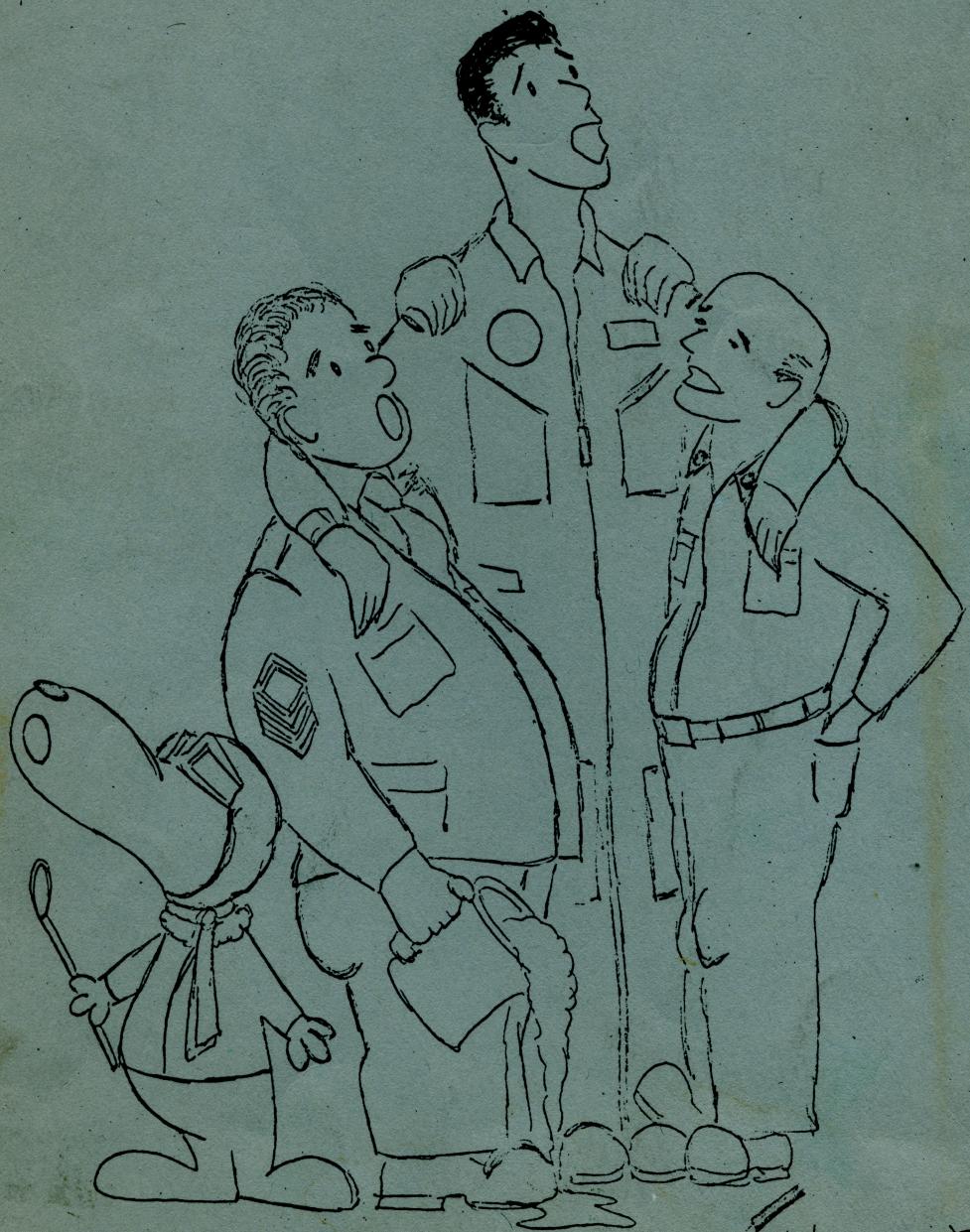


Soncatz

163rd TFS
IND ANG



SONG BOOK

THIS IS THE OFFICIAL SONGBOOK OF THE 163rd TACTICAL FIGHTER SQUADRON OF THE INDIANA AIR NATIONAL GUARD, AS ARRANGED AND EDITED DURING THE SUMMER CAMP MANEUVERS AT ALPENA AIR NATIONAL GUARD BASE IN AUGUST OF 1970.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE SONGS WITHIN THIS BOOKLET ARE FILLED WITH PROFANITIES, CURSE WORDS, AND PERVERSITIES OF THE MOST BASE AND VILE SORT, AND THE WARNING NATURALLY FOLLOWS THAT THE USE OR DISPLAY OF THIS SONGBOOK SHOULD BE RESTRICTED TO TIMES AND PLACES OF PROPER OCCASION. THE SONGBOOK SHOULD NOT BE LEFT IN PLACES WHICH WOULD MAKE THE CONTENTS AVAILABLE TO PERUSAL BY MINORS, OR OTHER INDIVIDUALS WHO MIGHT FIND THE STRANGE HUMOR PERSONALLY OFFENSIVE..

HERE IS THE NUMBER ONE SONG IN OUR INVENTORY, AND THE ONLY ONE THAT IS SERIOUS, WITHOUT SPOOF, AND REQUIRED MEMORIZING BY ALL SQUADRON MEMBERS.

BACK HOME AGAIN IN INDIANA

Back home again in Indiana
And it seems that I can see
A gleaming candlelight
Still shining bright
Thru the sycamores for me.
The new-mown hay sends all its fragrance
From the fields I used to roam,
When I dream about the moonlight on the Wabash
Then I long for my Indiana home.

From this point on, let the weak of heart and prude by reason of sobriety refrain. Warning has been given to proceed no further.

For the tigers and their comrades who feel the desire to indulge in bawdy and obscene harmonizing, we say welcome to the club. Charge on in, and sing out loud and clear.

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THE THIRSTY 163rd

Ch, we're the thirsty 163rd
You've heard so much about;
The daughters lock their mothers up
Whenever we're in town.
We're always full of whiskey
And we're always full of booze;
We're the thirsty 163rd,
Who the hell are you?

BALLS

Balls, picnics, and parties,
Picnics, parties, and balls,
Parties and picnics,
Picnics and parties, and
BALLS, BALLS, BALLS!

PISS ON THE ____th

's all go down and piss on the 113th,
Let's on the 113th, piss on the 113th.
Let's all go down and piss on the 113th,
They can't fly for shit!

drink
screw
etc.

NO FIGHTER PILOTS DOWN IN HELL

Oh there are no fighter pilots down
in hell.
There are no fighter pilots down in
hell.
The place is full of queers,
navigators, bombardiers,
But there are no fighter pilots down
in hell.

SPRINGTIME IN ALPENA

When it's springtime in Alpena
And the snow is asshole deep,
We'll assemble all squadron
pilots
And we'll have a gun-ry meet.
Bring red drawers, snow shoes,
and hip boots,
And bring lots of suntans too,
'Cause it's bound to be next
summer
'Fore you see the sky turn blue.
We will snatch those darts 'till
sundown,
Watch the bastards break again.
We'll be home in late October;
Keep per diem rolling in.

MISC.

The sergeant rides in a
motorboat,
The captain rides in a gig;
It don't go a damned bit
faster,
But it makes the old bastard
feel big.

BYE BYE CHERRY

Back your ass against the wall,
Here I come, balls and all,
Bye bye cherry.
I don't have a helluva lot,
But what I got will fill your
twat,
Bye bye cherry.
Wrap your legs around a little
tighter.
Make my load come out a little
lighter.
Shake your ass and wiggle your
tits
Till my big John Henry spits,
Cherry, Bye Bye!

HIGH HO KATHUSALEM

In ancient days there lived a maid
Who used to ply a worthy trade,
For she was always being laid
By the public or Jerusalem.

CHORUS

High ho Kathusalem,
The daughter of Jerusalem,
High ho Kathusalem,
The daughter of the rabbi.

Next door there lived a fucking fool
Who with his tool could lift a mule.
He wore no pants to keep it cool,
The bastard from Jerusalem.
High ho ----

When he was just a little shit
He used to bite his mother's tit,
And masturbate a little bit,
This bastard from Jerusalem.
High ho ----

One day he had her on the run
A shootin' like a gatling gun,
He layed the seed, the son-of-a-gun,
This bastard from Jerusalem.
High ho ----

He layed her cunt upon a stump
And then he took a running jump.
He missed the cunt and split the stump
This bastard from Jerusalem.
High ho ----

The ancient maid now knew her part
To lift her leg and let a fart,
And blew him like a bloody dart,
On the walls of old Jerusalem.
High ho ----

KOREA AND ANTUNG

Once I was happy and had a good deal,
I flew '84s in old Victorville,
They asked for volunteers
And said, "Son, you will do."
The next thing I knew
I was in old TAEGU.

CHORUS

Korea, and Antung, and wild,
wild Pengang
They'll drive you apeshit,
they'll drive you insane.
Korea, and Antung, and wild,
wild Pengang
They'll drive you apeshit,
they'll drive you insane.

The Chosen was frozen and
covered with ice,
From 35,000 it looked mighty nice.

But ask any foot soldier
He'll set you straight.
It's covered with Red's blood
And it's bedded with hate.

The MIG is a blot on the whole
human race,
A man is a monkey to give one
a chase.
Here's my advice
Take warning, dear brother.
There's fire on one end,
And cannon on t'other.

You pull up behind him and
lock on your sight,
You cob on the throttle and
pull it in tight.
You give it your best
And make a good pass.
'Cause you'd better nail him,
Or he'll have your ass.

MOTHER O'REILLY

Mother O'Reilly awoke with a fright
She said, "Faith and begorra, I
must take a shit;
Enough of this farting,
It must come to pass."
So she opens the window
And outs with her ass.

CHORUS

It was brown, brown, dirty old
brown.

Brown, brown, shit all around.
Brown, brown, dirty old brown.
Dirty old shit falling down.

Now a dapper young copper was
walking his beat.
You could tell he was flat foot
By the sound of his feet.
When faith and perchance
He looked up in the sky,
And the dirty old turd
Hit him right in the eye.

Now this dapper young copper
He cursed and he swore,
And he called Mother Reilly
A dirty old whore.
And 'round London Bridges
This copper now sits
With a sign 'round his neck,
"I was blinded by shit."

A GREETING

How's your mother? How's your
brother? How's your sister Sue?
How's your granny? How's your
fanny? How's your old WAZZOO?!

DRINK, DRINK, DRINK

Drink, drink, drink, drink,
Drank, drank, drank, drank,
Drunk last night.
Drunk the night before,
And I'm gonna get drunk tonite
Like I never got drunk before,
For when I'm drunk
I'm happy as can be,
For I am a member of the Souse
family.

Now the Souse family
Is the best family
That ever came over from old
Germany.

There's the Highland Dutch
And the Lowland Dutch,
The Rotterdam Dutch
And the Irish.

Sing Glorious! Glorious!
One keg of beer for the four of
us.
Glory be above that there are
no more of us,
For one of us could drink it
all alone,
Damn near!

SWEET ANTOINETTE

Sweet Antoinette, your pants
are wet.
You say it's sweat; it's piss,
I'll bet.
In all my dreams, your bare
ass gleams.
You're the wrecker of my pecker,
Sweet Antoinette.

SCOTCH WEDDING

As the gathering of the clan,
And all the lads were there,
A'grabbin' all the lassies
And friggin without care,

CHORUS

Singing
Who hae ye last nite,
Who hae ye noo?
The man that hae ye last nite
Cannot hae ye noo.

Oh the Queen of England
She was there,
A'sitting down in front,
A shawl around her shoulders
And a bottle up her cunt.

Oh the village idiot
He was there,
A'making like a fool,
Pulling his foreskin over his head
And whistling thru his tool.

There was friggin in the barley,
There was friggin in the oats.
Some were friggin sheep
And some were friggin goats.

Old McCarthy he was there,
He wasn't doing much,
Just sitting on the couch
And goosing them with his crutch.

There was friggin in the outhouse,
Friggin in the ricks,
You couldna' hear the music
For the swisling of the pricks.

Oh the village smithy he was there,
His hammer and his awls,
A'talking to his lady friends
And showing off his balls.

The parson's wife, oh she was there,
She had them all in fits,
A'leaping off the mantelpiece
And landing on her tits.

SCOTCH WEDDING (cont.)

There was friggin in the hallway
A'friggin on the stairs,
You couldn't see the carpet
For all the pubic hairs.

Oh the bride was in the parlor
Explaining to the groom,
The vagina, not the rectum,
Is the entrance to the womb.

The village magician he was
there
A'sittin on the grass,
Tucking his head beneath his
balls
And vanishing up his ass.

WHIFFENPOOF SONG

To the tables down at Mory's
To the place where Louie dwells,
To the dear old Temple bar
We love so well.
Sing the Whiffenpoofs assembled
With their glasses raised on high,
And the magic of their singing
casts its spell.

Yes, the magic of their singing
Of the songs we loved so well,
"Shall I Wasting, Mavoureen"
And all the rest.
We shall serenade our Louie
While life and voice shall last,
Then we'll pass and be forgotten
with the rest.

We're poor little lambs
Who have lost our way,
Baa, Baa, Baa.
We're little black sheep
Who have gone astray,
Baa, baa, baa.
Gentlemen, songsters, off on a
spree,
Doomed from here to eternity.
Lord, have mercy on such as we.
Baa, baa, baa.

EARLY ABORT

Schertz

Our name is Colonel [REDACTED]
I'm the leader of this group.
Just step into my briefing room
I'll give you all the poop.
I'll tell you where the bogies are
And where to dodge the flak,
I'll be the last one to take off,
The first one to get back.

CHORUS

Early abort, avoid the rush,
Early abort, avoid the rush,
Early abort, avoid the rush,
Better days are coming bye and bye.

Now we'll all line up and takeoff
And set our course at ten,
And when we reach the Russian zone
We'll all turn back again.
We'll call the tower to get a steer,
We're not sure where we've been.
Drop your tanks and canopies,
Peel off and belly in.

We fly those bent wing 84's
[REDACTED] hundred bloody feet.
We fly them in the rain and fog,
And in the bloody sleet.
We think we're flying bloody high
Instead we're bloody low.
And we hit the marker beacon
Such an awful bloody blow.

PULL MY PUD

Last night I pulled my pud; it did me good, I knew it would, I knew it would.
Last night I pulled my pud; it did me good, I knew it would, I knew if would.
Smash it, bash it, beat it on the floor;
Smite it, bite it, thrust it thru the door.
Some people think that friggin's good, But for personal enjoyment I will always pull my pud.

BESIDE A KOREAN WATERFALL

Beside a Korean waterfall
One bright and sunny day,
Beside a Korean waterfall
A young jet pilot lay.
His parachute hung from a nearby tree,
He wasn't yet quite dead.
Now listen to the very last words
The young pursuitor said:
"I'm going to a better land
Where everything is right,
Where whiskey flows from telegraph poles,
And poker's played all night.
There's not another thing to do
But sit around and sing,
And all our crews are women.
Oh, Death where is thy sting!"

Oh, Death where is thy sting,
Ting-a-ling
Death where is thy sting.
The bells of Hell will ring,
Ting-a-ling
For you, but not for me.

MARY ANN BURNS

Mary Ann Burns was the queen of all the acrobats,
She could do tricks that would give a cat the shits.
She could blow green peas from her fundamental orifice.
Do a backward somersault and catch them on her tits.
She's a great big sonofabitch twice the size of me;
Got hair around her asshole like the branches on a tree.
She can fish, swim, fight, fuck,
Fly a plane, drive a truck.
Mary Ann Burns is a'gonna marry me.

OLD GREY BONNET

Put on your old grey bustle
And get out there and hustle,
For tomorrow the rent
Is coming due.

Put your ass in the clover,
Let the boys look it over,
If you can't get five, take two.

Put on those old pink panties
That used to be your Aunties,
And we'll go for a tussle
In the hay.

Now there's no use ducking,
'Cause you're going to get a fucking
In the good old fashioned way.

Put on your old grey corset,
If it won't fit, force it,
For the 163rd is here today.
While the bees are making honey
Let your ass be making money,
In the good old fashioned way.

Put on the old blue ointment
To the crabs disappointment,
And take a shower once or twice a day
Though it burns and it itches,
It will kill those sons-of-bitches,
In the good old fashioned way.

ONE BALL REILLY

As I was sitting in O'Leary's bar,
Listening to the tales
Of blood and slaughter,
A nasty thought came to my mind,
Why not shag O'Reilly's daughter.

CHORUS

Fiddle-e-aye-A
Fiddle-e-aye-O
Fiddle-e-aye-A for the one ball Reilly
Jig-a-jig-jig shag balls and all,
Rig-a-jig-jig shag on.

ONE BALL REILLY (cont.)

I threw that she-bitch on the bed
Then I flung my left leg over,
Shagged, shagged, shagged some more,
Shagged until the night was over.

Then a knock came on my door,
Who should it be but her no-good
father,
Two horse pistols by his side,
Looking for the guy
Who shagged his daughter.

I grabbed that bastard by the neck
Shoved his head in a pail of water,
Rammed those pistols up his ass,
A damned sight farther
Than I shagged his daughter.

Now as I go down the street
People shout from every corner,
There goes the son-of-a-bitch,
The guy that shagged old Reilly's
daughter.

NELLIE DARLING

Oh your ass is like a stovepipe,
Nellie darling,
And the nipples of your tits are
turning green.
There's an odor of blue ointment
round your asshole,
You are the ugliest bitch that I
have ever seen.
You have a pound of lint imbedded
in your navel,
And when you piss, you piss a
stream as green as grass.
There's enough wax in your ear
to make a candle.
Why don't you make one, dear, and
shove it up your ass.

SAMMY SMALL

Oh my name is Sammy Small
Fuck 'em all!
Oh my name is Sammy Small
Fuck 'em all!
Oh my name is Sammy Small
And I only have one ball,
But it's better than none at all,
Fuck 'em all!

Oh they say I killed a man,
Fuck 'em all!

Oh they say I killed a man,
Fuck 'em all!

Oh they say I shot him dead
With a fucking piece of lead.
Now the silly fucker's dead,
Fuck 'em all!

Oh they say I'm going to swing
Fuck 'em all!

Oh they say I'm going to swing
Fuck 'em all!

Oh they say I'm going to swing
From a silly fucking string,
What a silly fucking thing,
Fuck 'em all!

Oh the preacher he did come
Fuck 'em all!
Oh the preacher he did come
Fuck 'em all!
Oh the preacher he did come
With his tales of kingdom come,
He can shove 'em up his bung,
Fuck 'em all!

The sheriff he came too,
Fuck 'em all!

The sheriff he came too,
Fuck 'em all!

The sheriff he came too
With his silly fucking crew,
They had fuck-all else to do,
Fuck 'em all!

I saw Molly in the crowd
Fuck 'em all!

I saw Molly in the crowd
Fuck 'em all!

I saw Molly in the crowd
And it made me fucking proud,
So I shouted right out loud,
Fuck 'em all.

THE JOLLY FRIAR

There was a friar of great reknown,
There was a friar of great reknown,
There was a friar of great reknown,
And then he humped a girl from out
of town, humped a girl from out
of town,

Ha Ha Ha, Ho Ho Ho, Horseshit!
That dirty old son-of-a-bitch!
That dirty old cocksucker!
Fuck him!

He threw her on the downy bed,
He threw her on the downy bed,
He threw her on the downy bed,
And then he bit her tit until it
bled, bit her tit until it bled,
Ha Ha Ha, etc.

He ran his pecker up her ass,
He ran his pecker up her ass,
He ran his pecker up her ass,
And then he begged her please to
pass some gas, begged her please
to pass some gas,
Ha Ha Ha, etc.

They laid her in the cold, cold
ground,
They laid her in the cold, cold
ground,
They laid her in the cold, cold
ground,
And then he thought he'd go another
round, thought he'd go another
round,
Ha Ha Ha, etc.

DIRTY NELL, A TOAST

Here's a toast to Nell, the dirty
bitch,
Feet and hands' as black as pitch,
Green snot bubbling from her nose,
Great purple sores between her toes,
Before I'd kiss one slimey thigh,
Or suck one festered tit,
I'd drink six quarts of afterbirth,
And bathe in buzzard shit!

THE GIRLS FROM CANADA

the first girl from Canada,
Said mine's as big as the sea,
Ships sail in and ships sail out
And never bother me.

CHORUS:
Roley poley, tickle my holie,
Slip in the slimey slew,
Drag your nuts across her guts,
She's one of the whoary crew.

The second girl from Canada,
Said Mine's as big as the air,
Birds fly in, and birds fly out,
And never touch a hair.

The third girl from Canada,
Said mine's the biggest womb,
A hundred men have crawled in there,
And now it is their tomb.

OLD SAL

I had a gal and her name was Sal,
She lived down on the Erie canal,
Loved her then and I love her still,
But STINK! Oh damn!

Now Sal and I lay tongue to tongue,
When I made a pass at her left lung,
Took a pass at her bladder and I hit
her gall,
Out came her bladder, shit and all,
And STINK! Oh damn!

On she wiggled, she wobbled, she shit
on the floor,
She wiped her ass on the knob of the
door,
The sun shone down on the nipple of
her tit,
As she washed her teeth in bluebird
shit,
And STINK! Oh damn!

BRITISH NAVY

I don't want to join the Navy,
I don't want to go to war,
I just want to hang around
The Picadilly underground,
And live off the earnings
Of an high class lady,
I don't want a bullet up me
arsehole,
I don't want me buttocks shot
away,
I just want to stay in England,
In bloody, bloody England,
And fornicate me bloomin' life
away,

Monday I touched her on the
ankle,
Tuesday I touched her on the
knee,
Wednesday success, I lifted up
her dress,
Thursday her chemise I did see,
Friday I had my hand upon it,
Saturday she gave me balls a
twitch,
But it was Sunday after supper,
That I run the old boy up 'er
And now I'm getting five or
six a week!

I don't want to join the Navy,
I don't want to go to war, etc.

JOHN P McGINNIS

John P. McGinnis used to own a
butcher store,
He used to hang his meat upon
the outside of the door,
When the kids would come from
school,
They used to sing and shout,
"John P. McGinnis,"
"Your pork is hanging out!"

DAGO FROM ITALEE

fourteen hundred and ninetytwo
A Dago from Italee,
Went wandering through the streets
of Spain,
And pissed in every alley,

CHORUS:
All night long,
From midnight on.

He went up to the queen of Spain
To ask for ships and cargo,
Swore by damn he'd kiss her ass
If he didn't bring back Chicago,

You should have seen that ship I
mean,
The dude was a double-decker,
The figurehead was a whore in bed,
The mast was an upright pecker,

At break of day they sailed away,
Just think of such a spectre,
The good queen waved her hand-
kerchief,
Colombo waved his pecker,

The captain had a charming wife,
The poor girl's name was Mable,
They took her tits, the dirty
shits,
And nailed them to the table,

The first mate was a nasty guy,
The dirty little nipper,
He lined his ass with broken
glass,
And circumcised the skipper,

For forty days and forty nights,
They sailed the broad Atlantic,
They spied a whore upon the shore
And the whole damn crew went
frantic,

They rowed ashore as fast as they
could,
And then how they pursued her,
The white of an egg ran down her leg,
Some son-of-a-bitch had screwed her,

A BLOODY GREAT WHEEL

A sailor told me before he died,
And I don't think the bastard lied,
He had a wife with a cunt so wide,
That she was never satisfied.

So he built a wheel, a bloody
great wheel,
And on this wheel was a prick
made of steel,
Two balls of brass he filled with
cream,
And the whole fucking issue was
driven by steam.

And round and round went the
bloody great wheel,
And in and out went the prick
made of steel,
Until at last the maiden cried,
Enough! Enough! I'm satisfied,

But this is no story of step and
spit,
There was no way of stopping it,
It tore the maiden from tip to tit
And the whole fucking issue blew
up in shit!

COLD

Cold as a fish in the bottom of
a pool,
Cold as the end of an eskimo's
tool,
Cold as a pane of frosted glass,
Cold as the ring around a polar
bear's ass,
Cold.

Cold as the lips of a Picadilly
whore,
Cold as your ass on the barroom
floor,
Cold as the nipples on a witches
tit,
Cold as a bucket of penguin shit,
Cold.

COME ON AND JOIN THE AIR FORCE

Come on and join the Air Force,
We're a happy bunch they say.
We never do a lick of work,
Just sit around all day.
While others work and study hard,
And soon grow old and blind,
You take to the air without a care,
And you will never mind.

CHORUS:

You'll never mind,
You'll never mind,
Come and join the Air Force,
And you will never mind.

You're flying over the ocean,
You hear your engine spit,
You see your prop come to a stop,
The goddamn engine quit.
The ship can't float and you can't
swim,
The shore is far behind,
What a tasty dish for the crabs
and fish,
And you will never mind.

CHORUS:

You run into a zero,
He shoots you down in flames,
But you don't get excited,
And call the bastard names.
Just shove the stick toward the
ground,
And pretty soon you'll find,
There is no hell and all is well,
And you will never mind.

CHORUS:

You take her up to spin her,
And with an awful tear,
You find yourself without your wings,
Oh, you will never care.
For in about two minutes another
pair you'll find,
There ain't no hell and all is well,
And you will never mind.

CHORUS:

Come on and get promoted,
As high as you desire,
You're riding on the gravy train
When you're an Air Force flyer,
But just when you're about to be
A general you'll find,
The engines cough,
The wings fall off,
And you will never mind.

JUST MAKE ME OPERATIONS

Don't give me a P-38,
With props that contra-rotate,
She'll loop, roll, and spin,
And she'll soon auger in,
Don't give me a P-38.

CHORUS:

Just make me Operations,
Out on some lonely atoll,
I am too young to die,
I just want to grow old.

Don't give me a P-39,
With Allison mounted behind,

Don't give me an old Thunderjug,
The ship that hits with a thud,

Don't give me a P-51,
The ship that's built just for fun,

Don't give me an F-80A,
With ailerons that lock every day,

Don't give me an old Thunderjet,
The ship with no prop pitch to set,

Don't give me an F-84,
That dirty old ground-loving whore,

BALLS

Balls, picnics, and parties,
Picnics, parties, and balls,
Parties and picnics,
Picnics and parties,
And BALLS, BALLS, BALLS.

WOODPECKER HOLE

h, I stuck my finger in a woodpecker's hole,
And the woodpecker said, "Well bless my soul,
Take it out, take it out, take it out,
Reeeee-move it!"

I removed my finger from the woodpecker's hole,
And the woodpecker said, "Well bless my soul,
Put it back, put it back, put it back,
Reeeee-place it!"

I replaced my finger in the woodpecker's hole,
And the woodpecker said, "Well bless my soul,
Turn it around, turn it around, turn it around,
Reeee-volve it!"

revolved my finger in the woodpecker's hole,
And the woodpecker said, "Well bless my soul,
Pull it out, pull it out, pull it out,
Reeeee-volting!"

NO BALLS AT ALL

There once was a girl named Sarah McFox,
With hair on her chest, and cheese in her box,
She married a man named Patrick McCall,
With a very short peter, and no balls at all!

CHORUS:

What! No balls at all!
No! No balls at all!
A very short peter and no balls at all!

NO BALLS AT ALL CONT'D.

The very first night that they were wed,
They took off their clothes and went straight up to bed,
She reached for his pecker; it was very small,
She reached for his balls; he had no balls at all.

Now, mother, dear mother, Oh, what shall I do?
I've married a man who never can screw.
I reached for his pecker; it was very small,
I reached for his balls; he had no balls at all.

Oh daughter, dear daughter, now don't be so sad,
It was the same trouble I had with your dad.
There's many a man who will come to the call,
Of the wife of the man who has no balls at all.

The daughter went home; took her mother's advice;
And found the results most exceedingly nice,
A bouncing young baby was born in the fall,
To the wife of the man who had no balls at all.

SALLY IN THE ALLEY

Sally in the alley sifting cinders,
Lifted up her leg and farted like a man,
Wind from her bloomers broke six windows,
Cheeks of her ass went ,
FLAM! FLAM! FLAM!

AIR CORPS LAMENT

Mine eyes have seen the days of men who ruled the fighting sky,
With hearts that laughed at death and lived for nothing but to fly,
But now those hearts are grounded and those days are long gone by,
The Air Corps gone to hell!

CHORUS:

Glory-----Flying regulations,
Have them read at every station,
Crucify the man who breaks one,
The Air Corps gone to hell.

My bones have felt their pounding throb, a hundred thousand strong,
A mighty airborne legion sent to right the deadly wrong,
But now it's only memory, it only lives in song,
The Air Corps gone to hell!

I have seen them in their T-bolts when their eyes were dancing
flame,
I've seen their screaming power dives that blasted Goering's name,
But now they fly like sissies and they hang their heads in shame,
Their spirit's shot to hell!

They flew their twenty-sixes through a living hell of flak,
And bloody, dying pilots gave their lives to bring them back,
But now they all play ping pong in the operations shack,
Their technique's gone to hell!

Yes, the lordly flying fortress and the liberator too,
Once wrote the doom of Germany with contrails in the blue,
But now the skies are empty and our planes are wet with dew,
And we can't fly for hell!

SAVE A FIGHTER PILOT'S ASS

I line up on the runway, and headed for the ditch,
I looked down at my prop, My word, it's in high pitch.
I pulled back on the stick, and rose into the air,
Glory, glory, Hallelujah! How did I get there?

CHORUS:

Oh Hallelujah, oh Hallelujah,
Throw a nickel on the grass, save a fighter pilot's ass,
Oh Hallelujah, oh Hallelujah,
Throw a nickel on the grass and you'll be saved.

I flew the traffic pattern, to me it looked all right,
And when I made my last turn in, I really racked it tight,
Then the ship did shudder, the engine coughed and wheezed,
May Day, May Day, Someone help me, Spin instructions, please.

I started in to buzz, I thought that I was clear,
I came in over Baer Field, and knew the end was near,
I met the flying board, and they gave me the works,
... a bunch of jerks!

COLD WINTER'S EVENING

Twas a cold winter's evening,
The guests were all leaving,
O'Leary was closing the bar,
When he turned and he said
To the lady in red,
Get out; you can't stay where
you are.

She shed a sad tear in her
bucket of bear,
As she thought of the cold
night ahead,
Then, a gentleman dapper stepped
out of the crapper,
And these are the words that he
said.

Her Mother never told her
The things a young girl should
know,
About the ways of Air Guard men,
And how they come and go,
(mostly come)

Now age has taken her beauty,
And sin has left its sad scar,
So, remember your mothers and
sisters, boys,
And let her sleep under the bar.

ROLL YOUR LEG OVER

I wish all little girs were like
little red foxes,
And I were a hunter, I'd shoot off
their boxes,

CHORUS:

Roll your leg over,
Roll your leg over,
Roll your leg over,
The man in the moon.

I wish all little girls were like
bells in a tower,
And I were a clapper, I'd bang 'em
for hours,

I wish all little girls were like
trees in the forest,
And I were an axeman, I'd chop their
clitoris,

AND ON AND ON AND ON

WE WILL ABORT AGAIN

Oh come all ye pilots to our
gunnery meet,
We will abort again,
A low to the west and a low to
the east,
We will abort again.

CHORUS:

We will-a, we will-a, we will-a
abort,
We will-a, we will-a, we will-a
abort,
We will abort, we will abort,
We will abort again.

We waited two months for the
weather to clear,
We will abort again,
We sat at the club and we slopped
up our beer,
We will abort again,

Away went the weather and out
came the sun,
We will abort again,
The pilots were ready to make
their one run,
We will abort again,

The dart crew was ready that cold
windy day,
We will abort again,
The wind came along, blew our
new dart away,
We will abort again,

When finally they got that dart
into the air,
We will abort again,
First ship took a look and the
dart wasn't there,
We will abort again,

The dart drawn on paper looks
good to the eye,
We will abort again,
According to Orville, the damned
thing won't fly,
We will abort again,

S ON A ROOFTOP

When you wake up in the morning
And your heart is full of joy,
And your wife has got the rag on,
And your eldest daughter's coy,
Just shoved it up the asshole of
your fattest baby boy,
As we revel in the joy of an
occasion.

CHORUS:

Cats on the rooftops,
Cats on the tiles,
Cats with the syphilis,
Cats with the piles,
Cats with their assholes
Reamed in smiles,
As we revel in the joy of an
occasion.

Now the boa-constrictor,
So it seems,
Very seldom has wet dreams,
But when he does,
comes in streams,
we revel in the joy of an
occasion.

Now the elephant is
A funny bloke,
He very seldom gets a poke,
But when he does,
He lets it soak,
As we revel in the joy of an
occasion.

SAC SONG

SAC headquarters is the spot,
Twelve full colonels,
That's a lot,
Twice as many generals, too,
SAC headquarters is the place
for you,
Chicken, Chicken, Chicken,
Chicken, Chicken, Chicken,

SAC headquarters is the place,
All the buses on the base,
for them, and one for us,
SAC headquarters where you
catch the bus,
Chicken, Chicken, Chicken,
Chicken, Chicken, Chicken.

END OF THE MONTH

You can tell by the smell
That she isn't feeling well,
When the end of the month rolls
around,

First she's mad, then she's sad,
Then she's really feeling bad,
When the end of the month rolls
around,

You can tell by the stink
That she isn't in the pink,
When the end of the month rolls
around,

There's a spot on the bed
Where her little pussy bled,
When the end of the month rolls
around,

For it's Hi, Hi, Hee
In the Kotex industry,
Shout out your sizes loud and
strong,
Junior-Regular-Super
For Where ere you go,
You will always know,
When the end of the month rolls
around.

OVERSHOOT

I'm overshooting the same damned
runway,
That I overshot before,
First time I tried it, I went
around,
Second time I tried it, I flew in
the ground,
I've checked out lately in this
fine Sabre,
That I'd like to fly some more,
But I'm overshooting the same
damned runway,
That I overshot before.